THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*

POOR MADAME RONDA!

IDONEA.

CHAPTER XXI.

Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the world,
Companions of the spring.

—*Logan.*

A CARD of invitation for the performance of Mozart's Requiem Mass was sent to Neville from Mr. and Mrs. Dooner, and on the appointed evening he found himself at Queen's Gate. It was blocked up by carriages, for six or seven hundred guests had been bidden, and all fashionable London was there. Hall and staircase were crowded when Neville entered, and he thought he should never reach the landing of the first floor for the trains of the ladies. As he trod inadvertently, now on one of white satin, anon of crimson velvet, he wished for the train-bearing pages of the olden time. However,

he reached the top at last, where Mrs. Dooner was receiving her "six hundred." "Dee-lighted, Mr. Neville," was the triplet that greeted him as he touched her hand and passed on. Soon afterwards he was welcomed by Mr. Dooner, whose natural voice was refreshing as a city fountain.

"Very glad to see you again, Mr. Neville. Hadn't we a jolly evening at the Rectory? Got into a fine scrape, though, through Miss Umfreville and her ballads. Thought she would make a success in public, and offered to help her to a musical education, but her mother won't hear of it, and my wife is offended. Better keep to bachelorhood, for there's no being up to the ladies. How d'ye do, my lord?"

The last clause was for a great man who came up, and Neville's "I mean to keep a bachelor" was cut short.

As he made his way through anterooms and corridors he found himself, both literally and figuratively, in a garden of exotics, for many-coloured and perfume-laden flowers filled each space where richly-dressed, scented, and painted women were not. He passed through them with difficulty to the music-hall. He met Miss Emma Dooner, to whom either he or his reputed acres were not indifferent. Thanks to Idonea, she had learned that he had a place in the North. But if he had been amused by her conversation, he was not pleased with her dress; for not even the blaze of a dozen lockets that were suspended by a chain round her neck could reconcile him to what his Mentoria of the Strand called "the *décolleté* style."

"So glad you have come, Mr. Neville. So kind of you to victimise yourself by listening to our poor attempts. I am trying to make my way to the choir."

"Can I help you?" he asked, as the crowd opened for a daughter of the house, and she moved on to the orchestra while he went into the hall.

It was already full, though guests were still arriving. He stationed himself at the bottom to survey the scene. Opposite him, at the other end, was the orchestra, filled with its distinguished choir of amateurs, artistically arranged, and sparkling with colour and jewels. On either side of them were professional musicians with their stringed and wind instruments. The body of the room was crowded with expectant auditors, who were of the rich, noble, and even royal of the land. He was bewildered by the splendour and the brightness of the scene. The massive chandeliers and sconces were filled with a blaze of wax lights; the ceilings and walls were painted and gilded, the windows shrouded by curtains of rose-coloured silk and Indian muslin, and all the arrangements betokened wealth and taste.

When he had accustomed his eyes to the glare and glamour, he looked about him for his few acquaintances; but he saw no one he knew, and while still leaning against the wall, the performance began. At a stroke of the conductor's magic wand, the glittering choir rose, and he was soon lost in the beauty, grandeur, and solemnity of the music. The impression he had received at the practice was stereotyped by the finished performance, and his wonder and admiration increased and culminated as he listened. As chorus followed chorus and the volume of harmonious sound filled all space, he marvelled at the skill that could thus unite so many voices into one grand result.

The first solo recalled him from heaven to earth, for he was interested to know who would sing it. It was Miss Charlotte Dooner, who was too nervous to do herself justice, and who found that it was one thing to sing in a chorus, another to sing alone. However, she executed her part carefully, if feebly, and was only surpassed by one female soloist. This was Madame Ronda, who, at the last moment, had been compelled to take the part, owing to the sudden illness of one of the principal members of the choir. What she urged as a plea for Idonea's singing had occurred, and she was forced to undertake what she had intended for her pupil. Neville did not recognise her, but felt that she knew what she was about, and sang with the skill and voice of a professional artist. Although applause was, nominally, prohibited, an involuntary *brava* succeeded.

There was an interval during the performance, and while the listeners rose and talked or looked about them, Neville's attention was attracted by bursts of laughter close at hand. They proceeded from a group of young people on and about an ottoman in the anteroom, the centre of whom was Lina, who had apparently escaped from the ranks of closely-packed chairs to ease and noise. He was glad to see that Idonea was not amongst them. As he was on a line with Lina, he proceeded to speak to her, and found that Sir Richard Dyke was at her back, urging her on to vivacious repartee.

"Is Miss Umfreville here? I have a message from her brother," he said to Lina, when they had shaken hands.

"She is in that remote corner, with my unoccupied chair as a companion," laughed Lina. "It was so dull that I escaped, but she was too discreet to follow. As you have been standing all the evening you may as well fill my place."

Neville made his way to Idonea, who was looking anxiously towards Lina and her party.

"Will you kindly ask Lina to come back? We were placed here, and Mrs. Dooner will be so displeased," was her greeting.

"She seems too well amused, but I will try," replied Neville, returning to Lina with the message.

"Tell her to come here instead," laughed Lina. "I am not going to remain amongst the wall-flowers."

He went back to Idonea with this determination, and as the seats were refilling took Lina's place, but could not allay Idonea's anxiety.

"Let her be; she is very happy, and so am I," he said, coolly. "Percy bade me tell you that he is glad you did not join the choir, because he disapproves of this sort of performance of religious music, and also that he quite agrees with your mother in all that she says."

Mrs. Umfreville had written again and again concerning the proposal that Idonea should appear in public, and had urged her immediate return home.

"But he does not wish me to leave the Dooners?" asked she, alarmed.

"He did not allude to that."

"Mrs. Dooner is annoyed with me because I could not, even if mother would consent, sing in public, and I think she wants me to leave. Now she will be still more displeased, for she told me to keep Lina here until Madame Ronda comes, who is our chaperon."

"Why is Madame Ronda not here?"

"Because she was obliged to sing two solos. Did you not recognise her? that lovely soprano!"

"Was that Madame Ronda? I should not have known her again. I am glad you were not in her place. Your mother was right, and you are better in private life. She, poor lady, must live by her voice."

"So, probably, must I. Hush! they are beginning."

Again the choir rose, and there was silence in the room. The second part was, if possible, finer than the first, and as Idonea and Neville looked over the score together their whispered comments expressed delighted approval. Madame Ronda sang another solo, immediately after which she disappeared from the orchestra.

"She ought not to be poor with such a voice," remarked Neville.

"She has repaid me my loan," said Idonea.

When the performance was concluded, there was a momentary solemn silence, then a burst of applause, then a buzz of many voices and general movement. Idonea looked round for Lina, but she and her party had disappeared.

"What can I do? How shall I find her?" she exclaimed.

"You must trust yourself to me, and her to Sir Richard Dyke," said Neville.

She had, indeed, no choice, so she took his offered arm, and they tried to pierce the crowd together. He had more than he could do to guard her and her dress from being crushed, and was glad to perceive that both were equally simple. As they were swayed to and fro, however, by the fashionable assemblage they could not fail to be amused, for neither had ever been before in a London crush. They reached the staircase at last, and finally the ground floor, but they were no better off than before, for every inch of space, in hall, passages, and rooms, was pre-occupied. Neville, determined that Idonea should not go without her supper, managed to force a way to the large dining-room, when he placed her in a seat just vacated behind the door, while he proceeded, with considerable difficulty, to the table. He glanced down its length, and wondered whether Belshazzar's feast and the imperial Roman banquets had been more sumptuous. Every conceivable luxury was outspread, and waiters innumerable ministered to the guests. Champagne flowed like water, and hothouse and ice-house vied in their varied productions. The season had just begun, and winter was barely passed.

Neville secured a plate of cold chicken and other tempting fare, and bore them triumphantly to Idonea.

"Thank you. You know of my good Northern appetite," she said, laughing. "Now will you kindly look for Lina and Madame Ronda?"

"Needles in a bundle of hay, but I will try. Stay here till I come back," he replied, and was soon lost in the crowd.

He was immediately replaced by Sir Richard Dyke, who had been in search of Idonea. For the first time she was glad to see him.

"Where did you leave Lina? Will you bring her to me?" she asked.

"She has taken advantage of the absence of her beautiful duenna, and is making the most of her liberty by amusing and being amused," he answered, lightly. "And I must not lose my chance," he continued, in a whisper. "I have long sought a private word with you to ask you to forget our unlucky meeting in the train, and what you considered my freedom. Also to assure you that you need not remain in these gilded chains if you choose to cast them off."

Idonea felt, instinctively, that he had managed to drink more champagne than was good for him, and rose from her seat to see if there were any one near with whom she could take refuge. But all were strangers, and the crush was so great that she could not move from her corner.

"'Water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink,'" laughed Sir Richard, pushing forward to her chair. "You must tell me if I have any hope?"

"Hope of what, Sir Richard?" she said, indignantly, and, to her great relief, his answer was prevented by the reappearance of Neville, accompanied by Madame Ronda.

He muttered scorn on that "meddling prig," but kept his place by her side. Neville perceived him, but took no notice of him.

"I cannot find Miss Lina, but I have brought Madame Ronda," he said, coldly, striving to make room for that lady in front of Idonea and Sir Richard.

"And I have been seeking you both everywhere," began madame, and paused.

Her eyes were suddenly fixed on Sir Richard Dyke, and her severe, pale face as suddenly flushed, and her dark eyes flashed.

"I have found you at last!" she cried, seizing his arm.

He looked at her, and his countenance changed for a moment. But if embarrassed, he instantly recovered.

"I beg your pardon. You have the advantage of me. I have not the pleasure of knowing you. Miss Umfreville, I will relieve your anxiety by routing out the sprite."

He said this and was gone, lost in the densely-packed, fashionable, good-humoured crowd.

"I cannot be mistaken. What is his name?" asked Madame Ronda, eagerly.

"Sir Richard Dyke," replied Idonea.

"That must be an *alias*. I must see him again," she cried, with strange impetuosity, and before Neville or Idonea was aware, she, too, disappeared in pursuit of him whom she fancied she had recognised.

CHAPTER XXII.

Hence, vain deluding joys,
The brood of folly without father bred!
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys.
—*Milton.*

"PRAY let me follow her, and seek for Lina," said Idonea, when Madame Ronda disappeared in search of Sir Richard Dyke.

She rose impulsively, and pushed through the company. This time it was Neville who followed, struck by her decision. She succeeded in reaching the crowded passage, closely pursued by Neville, and penetrated with difficulty into the rooms that he did not recognise. The cloak-room, where Idonea thought she might find Madame Ronda, was heaped with a confusion of wraps, into which ladies and gentlemen were peering with laughing desire to secure their property. Tickets were strewn about that ought to have marked the bundles, and maids stood helplessly by who were supposed to superintend them, but there was no Madame Ronda. Idonea

asked the maids if they had seen Lina, and was answered in the negative. Servants and waiters were bearing refreshments to famishing guests in the hall, and there were shouts of laughter and cries of "Have you seen mamma?" "I had once two daughters, and can find neither;" "Where is so-and-so?" "You are treading on my dress;" "Ten thousand pardons;" "Lady ——'s carriage;" "Impossible to reach it;" "Come along, will you?" "Where have you been? I have been looking for you an hour," and similar sentences. Idonea could not help laughing at the fierce faces of some of the elder gentlemen on the look-out for their womankind, and the despairing inquiries of the deserted chaperons.

"This is pleasure, and it is Saturday night!" said Neville, struggling up to her as she stood against a wall near the door of one of the smaller supper-rooms.

"It would be very amusing if only I could find Lina," replied Idonea. "It is delightful to see the upper ten just like other people. Mother would be astonished."

"I should think so!" laughed Neville, recalling that majestic matron.

"Hush! That is Lina's laugh! Good night," cried Idonea, breaking away from Neville and vanishing he knew not where. He had lost her. She was the first woman he had ever taken so much trouble for, and a child's uproarious mirth had drawn her from him. He tried to follow her with his eyes as well as legs, but a dense group of growling husbands stood between them, and he saw her no more that night. He was conscious of an unusual feeling of anger, but nevertheless he turned to a waiter bearing a tray on his shoulder, and demanded a portion of the contents thereof.

He ruminated, while eating his sandwiches, on the lives of the "Jeameses and pampered menials," as they are called, and came to the conclusion that they were not, after all, quite so untroubled as they were said to be. For his own part, he decided that when he became a poor man himself, as Mrs. Keene prophesied, he would not earn his bread either by waiting on the tables of the rich within their dwellings till cock-crow, or by sitting on a coachbox, freezing, or drenched, or sun-stricken, without. He bethought himself that he would go North and turn day-labourer or anything independent by preference.

Wishing that he could have shaken hands with Idonea, he at last made his way to the hall door. There was such confusion of carriages and servants, and so much difficulty in getting at their owners, that he went off himself in search of a cab. Passing the long line of carriages and their aforementioned coachmen, chilling beneath a February moon, he suddenly encountered Madame Ronda. She was, like himself, in search of a cab, but the cabbies had cruelly resisted the appeal of a lady in black dress and scarlet hood, knowing that gentlemen were, as a rule, better fares, and not so likely to quarrel over the charge.

Poor Madame Ronda! It was wheel within wheel. Neville volunteered to procure the cab, but she stayed him by putting a question. She was evidently in agitation.

"Who was that man to whom Miss Umfreville was talking?" she asked, with imperative anxiety.

"I only know him as Sir Richard Dyke," he replied.

"He is not—he cannot be Sir Richard Dyke," she cried. "Could you add to the obligation I am already under to you by finding out his address, or history, or anything concerning him?"

"I am going abroad almost immediately," replied Neville, "and fear I cannot help you. But perhaps Miss Umfreville might—or—or her brother, who lives in London. I will mention it to him."

"No—no—I would rather not. I should not have asked you, had you not been so good to me. I now know to whom I am indebted for the anonymous five pounds, and I shall hope to return it. But, indeed, I have been in great straits."

She burst into tears, much to Neville's discomfiture. She was standing against the railing of a corner house, and her pale face looked almost startling in the moonlight beneath her scarlet hood.

"Make a friend of Miss Umfreville," he said. "Let her communicate with her brother. I can hear of you through them, or, if I hear of this man, I will write to you."

A cab appeared; Neville hailed it, and placed Madame Ronda in it. They shook hands warmly. He gave the driver his fare and her address, told her it was paid, and received in return a "Thank you—God bless you for your kindness to a stranger."

Meanwhile, Idonea had found Lina. She was in the midst of a group of fast young men and women, in the remotest corner of one of the smaller supper-rooms. Wise if not prudent in their generation, they had left the concert-room as soon as the applause began, hurried downstairs, and secured this "modest nook," as Lina called it, and maintained it. Indeed, they could not well have left it, for it was partly shut in by the supper-table, and wholly by the crowd. They had used their advantages, which is more than everybody does; but they had also somewhat abused them, which is what many people do when they are abundantly within reach. The excitement of the evening had betrayed them into almost riotous fun; and even the young ladies were in danger of overpassing the bounds of decorum.

When Idonea reached them, she saw that Duke Dooner was amongst them. His sullen temper had held him aloof from her, though Lina had kept him informed of her doings and sayings. Lina's voice and laugh were loudest where all were loud, and Idonea paused, astonished at her excitement. She soon heard the words, followed by a suppressed giggle, "Here is my little companion! She has caught me at last." Duke also saw Idonea, and made way for her.

"I am so glad I have found you," she said, quietly. "It is twelve o'clock, and we were only to remain till eleven."

"I am not going to bed till every soul has departed. It is so jolly!" exclaimed Lina, so resolutely, that the bystanders turned to look. "I maintain the liberty of this my castle for one night at least."

"You must come with me," whispered Idonea.

"I wish you may get her," laughed Duke.

Idonea had been so long in command at home, that she could be, as Neville had said, resolute; so, looking at Duke somewhat disdainfully, it must be confessed, she said,

"Perhaps, then, you will be answerable for her. Madame Ronda has left, and I have not sufficient authority."

Duke perceived that they were objects of attention,

so he offered his arm to one of the ladies, and broke up the noisy coterie by saying,

"I believe Miss Umfreville is right. The carriages were ordered for eleven, and I heard yours called."

The rest paired off, two young men escorting Lina, and Idonea was left to follow. To her surprise, Sir Richard Dyke started up from she knew not where, and offered his arm. She did not take it—she disliked the man too much—but she could not prevent his keeping next to her.

"Can you tell me who that lady was who addressed me?" he said. "It is so awkward not to remember a face or name; yet I seem to have no recollection of hers."

"It was Madame Ronda, who sang two of the solos," replied Idonea.

"Then she certainly was mistaken, for I have never even heard the name," he said, carelessly, and Idonea supposed, from his natural and self-possessed manner, that it must have been a mistake.

When they reached the hall he bade her good night and once more disappeared.

Idonea joined Lina, whose hilarity and ridiculous jests were still audible, but it was not until they were all gone that Idonea prevailed upon her to withdraw. She did so, however, before any member of her family, save Duke, appeared.

BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD:

THEIR CUSTOMS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

AS every period of human life has its peculiar rites and ceremonies, its customs and superstitions, so has that ever all-eventful hour which heralds the birth of a fresh actor upon the world's great stage. From the cradle to the grave, through all the successive epochs of man's existence, we find a series of traditional beliefs and popular notions which have been handed down to us from the far-off distant past. Although, indeed, these have lost much of their meaning in the lapse of years, yet in many cases they are survivals of primitive culture, and embody the conceptions of the ancestors of the human race.

Without, however, entering critically into their origin and growth, and tracing their transmigration from one country to another, it may be interesting to many readers to give a brief and general survey of that varied and extensive folk-lore which has interwoven itself round the life of man.

In commencing, then, with birth, we find that many influences are supposed to affect the future fortune and character of the infant. Thus in some places great attention is paid to the hour of birth, as children born at midnight are believed to have the power of seeing ghosts; whereas in Devonshire it is said that those born by daylight never see such things. Equally important, too, is the day of birth, as may be gathered from the following rhyme, current in Cornwall:—

> "Sunday's child is full of grace,
> Monday's child is full in the face,
> Tuesday's child is solemn and sad,
> Wednesday's child is merry and glad,
> Thursday's child is inclined to thieving,
> Friday's child is free in giving,
> Saturday's child works hard for his living."

This piece of folk-lore varies, of course, in different localities. By general consent, however, Sunday is regarded as a lucky day for birth, both in this country and on the Continent. The "Universal Fortune Teller," a book which has had a wide circulation among the lower orders of our countrymen,* informs us that "great riches, long life, and happiness" are in store for children born on Sunday; and in Yorkshire, "Sunday children," as they are called, are said to be secure from the malice of evil spirits; while a Sussex belief considers them safe against drowning and hanging. In the same county, too, babies' caps must be left off on a Sunday for the first time, and then no cold will be taken.

In Denmark children born on Sundays have characteristics by no means enviable. Mr. Thorpe, in his "Northern Mythology" (ii. 203) tells us that in Fyen there was a woman who was born on a Sunday, and therefore had the faculty of seeing much that was hidden from others. Unfortunately, on this account, she could not pass by the church at night without seeing a hearse or a spectre; hence this gift became a perfect burden to her. She therefore sought the advice of a man skilled in such matters, who directed her, whenever she saw a spectre, to say, "Go to heaven," but when she met a hearse, "Hang on." Happening some time afterwards to meet a hearse, she, through forgetfulness, cried out, "Go to heaven," and straightway the hearse rose in the air and vanished. Soon after, meeting a spectre, she said to it, "Hang on," whereupon it clung round her neck, hung on her back, and drove her down into the earth before it. For three days her shrieks were heard before the spectre would put an end to her wretched life.

The moon's phases, also, are said to have an influence on birth. In Cornwall, for example, when a child is born in the interval between an old moon and the first appearance of a new one, it is said that it will never live to reach the age of puberty; hence the saying, "No moon, no man." In the same county, when a boy is born in the wane of the moon, it is believed that the next child will be a girl, and *vice versâ;* and according to another popular notion, when a birth takes place on the "growing of the moon," the next child will be of the same sex. Again, certain seasons are thought to be more propitious for births than others. In Cornwall, children born in May are called "May chets," and an old proverb declares that—

> "May chets
> Bad luck begets:"

a superstition which the life of our good Queen Victoria contradicts.

There is an idea prevalent, too, on the Continent, that when a child is born in Leap Year† either it or its mother will die within the course of the year—a superstition not unknown in our own country.

Many dangers are supposed to hover around the newborn infant, and during the time previous to its baptism, one of the foremost among them being the propensity of witches or fairies to secretly exchange their own ill-favoured imps for some well-favoured child—a superstition to which Shakespeare makes King Henry IV allude, who, when speaking of Hotspur compared with his own profligate son, says—

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* Henderson's "Folk-lore of Northern Counties," 1879—10.

† See "Leisure Hour," February, 1880:—Article, "Leap Year."

"O, that it could be proved,
That some night-tripping fairy had exchanged,
In cradle clothes, our children where they lay,
And called mine Percy, his Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine."

With a view of inducing the fairies to restore the stolen child, it was customary in Ireland either to put the one supposed of being a changeling on a hot shovel, or to torment it in some other way. It seems that, in Denmark, the mother heats the oven, and places the changeling on the peel, pretending to put it in, or whips it severely with a rod, or throws it into the water. In the Western Isles of Scotland idiots are believed to be the fairies' changelings, and, in order to regain the lost child, parents have recourse to the following device. They place the changeling on the beach, below high-water mark, when the tide is out, and pay no heed to its scream, believing that the fairies, rather than suffer their offspring to be drowned by the rising waters, will convey it away and restore the child they had stolen. The sign that this has been done is the cessation of the child's crying. In the West Riding of Yorkshire the safety of the infant was considered secure by hanging a carving-knife from the head of the cradle, with the point suspended near its face. The most effectual preservative, however, against fairy influence is supposed to be baptism, and hence among the superstitious this rite is performed as soon as possible. Curiously enough, Martin Luther believed in this species of superstition, if we are to accept the following extracts from his "Table Book":* "Changelings Satan lays in the place of the genuine children, that people may be tormented with them. He often carries off young maidens into the water." Again, "Eight years ago there was a changeling in Dessau, which I, Dr. Martin Luther, have both seen and touched; it was twelve years old, and had all its senses, so that people thought it was a proper child; but that mattered little, for it only ate, and that as much as four ploughmen or thrashers, and when any one touched it, it screamed; when things in the house went wrong, so that any damage took place, it laughed and was merry; but if things went well, it cried. Thereupon I said to the Prince of Anhalt, 'If I were prince or ruler here, I would have this child thrown into the water, into the Moldau, that flows by Dessau, and would run the risk of being a homicide.' But the Elector of Saxony and the Prince of Anhalt would not follow my advice. I then said they ought to cause a paternoster to be said in the church, that God would take the devil away from them. This was done daily at Dessau, and the said changeling died two years after."

Spenser mentions this notion:—

"From thence a fairy thee unweeting reft,
There as thou slep'st in tender swaddling band,
And her base elfin brood there for thee left;
Such men do changelings call, so changed by fairy theft."

Infants are also said to be subject to the influence of the Evil Eye, and in order to counteract the ill effects, various specifics have been used. Thus, in some parts of Scotland the newly-born child was bathed in salt water, and made to taste it three times. Baptism, too, has been supposed to be a good remedy; and Mr. Napier, in his "Folk-lore of West of Scotland" (31), quotes an instance in which the baby was born on a Saturday and carried two miles to church next day rather than a week's delay be risked. In the north of England, when a child pines or wastes away, the cause assigned is the "Evil Eye." In days gone coral beads were hung round the necks of babies from an ancient superstitious notion that these would protect them from evil influences of every description. Herrick, too, has given us the following charm:—

"Bring the holy crust of bread,
Lay it underneath the head;
'Tis a certain charm to keep
Hags away while children sleep.
Let the superstitious wife
Near the child's heart lay a knife,
Point be up and haft be down;
This, 'mongst other mystick charms,
Keeps the sleeping child from harmes."

In the north of England, women still wear round their necks blue woollen threads, or small cords, till they wean their children, for the purpose of warding off fevers, or, as they are nicknamed, "weeds and onfas." These threads are handed down from mother to child, and esteemed in proportion to their antiquity. According to a Yorkshire notion,* a newborn infant should be laid first in the arms of a maiden before any one touches it; and in some places the infant's right hand is left unwashed in order that he may gather riches. It is, too, considered very important by many that an infant should go up in the world before it goes down. Thus, in Cleveland, says Mr. Henderson, "if a child should be born in the top storey of a house, for want of a flight of stairs, one of the gossips will take it in her arms and mount a table, chair, or chest of drawers, before she carries it downstairs." In the north of England, when an infant for the first time goes out of the house, it is presented with an egg, some salt, a little loaf of bread, and occasionally with a small piece of money—these gifts being supposed to ensure that the child shall never stand in need of the common necessaries of life. In the East Riding of Yorkshire a few matches are added, to light the child to heaven.

It was, too, in former times customary, and the practice is not yet obsolete, of providing a large cheese and cake, and cutting them at the birth of a child. These were called the "Groaning Cake and Cheese," and were distributed among all the neighbours. In Yorkshire this cake is termed the "Pepper Cake," and in some localities the "Sickening Cake." It is the source of a species of divination, for, being cut into small pieces by the medical man, it is divided among the unmarried of the female sex, under the name of "Dreaming Bread." Each one takes a piece, places it on the foot of the left stocking, and throws it over the right shoulder. This being done, they must retire to bed backwards, without uttering a word, and those who are lucky enough to fall asleep before midnight are favoured with a sight of their future husbands in their dreams.

Children born with a caul—a thin membrane covering the head of some infants at birth—are supposed to be lucky, and great care was always taken that the caul should not be lost or thrown away, lest

* Quoted by Thorpe, "Northern Mythology," ii.

* Henderson's "Folk-lore of Northern Counties," 1879—18.

the child should die or pine away. The carrying of a caul on board ship was believed to prevent shipwreck, and owners of vessels paid a large price for them. Advocates, also, purchased them that they might be endued with eloquence. This superstition was very prevalent in the primitive ages of the Church; and St. Chrysostom inveighs against it in several of his homilies. In France it is proverbial, and "Être né coiffée" is an expression signifying that a person is extremely fortunate. Grose tells us that any one possessed of a caul may know the state of health of the party who was born with it: if alive and well, it is firm and crisp; if dead or sick, relaxed and flaccid. Mr. Henderson, in his "Folk-lore of Northern Counties" (1879–23), relates an anecdote of a servant who was found by her mistress in a state of dejection, for which at first there seemed no assignable cause. After much questioning the lady ascertained that the servant had been born with a veil over her head, which was now presaging evil to her. The veil, she said, had been carefully preserved by her mother, who had entrusted it to her on coming to woman's estate. It had been stretched and dried, and so had remained for many years. The girl kept it locked in her chest of drawers, and regularly consulted it as her oracle and adviser. If danger was at hand, the veil shrivelled up; if sickness, the veil became damp; when good fortune was near, the veil laid itself smoothly out; and if people at a distance were telling lies about her, the veil nestled in its paper. Again, the veil did not like her to cut her hair, for when she did so, it changed colour and became uneasy. The owner firmly believed that when she died the veil would disappear altogether. She regarded it with mysterious awe, and only her most intimate friends were allowed to know of its existence.

Among the many other items of folk-lore associated with infancy may be mentioned, in the next place, those relating to the teeth and nails. Thus, if a child's tooth is first in the upper jaw, it is considered ominous of its dying in infancy; and when the teeth come early it is regarded as an indication that there will soon be another baby. In Sussex there is a dislike to throwing away the cast teeth of children, from a notion that should they be found and gnawed by any animal, the child's new tooth would be exactly like the animal's that had bitten the old one. In Durham, when the first teeth come out, the cavity must be filled with salt, and the tooth burned while the following words are repeated:—

> "Fire, fire, burn bone,
> God send me my tooth again."

In Sussex* children often wear a necklace of beads, made from the root of the peony, to prevent convulsions and to assist the cutting of their teeth. Referring to the ceremonies connected with the cutting of the baby's nails, these are equally important. Thus, in many places, it is said, they should not be cut till he is a year old, and then they must be bitten off by the mother, lest the child should grow up to be dishonest. Mr. Henderson mentions a notion current in Northumberland that if the first parings are buried under an ash-tree, the child will turn out a "top-singer." Anyhow, when the time arrives for baby's nails to be cut, this event must not take place either on a Sunday or Friday:—

> "Better a child had ne'er been born
> Than cut his nails on a Sunday morn!"

Equally, too, unlucky is it to cut the hair on a Friday:—

> "Friday hair, Sunday horn,
> Better that child had ne'er been born!"

In the Midland counties, hair or down upon the arms is said to prognosticate that the child will one day enjoy great wealth; or, to use the common expression, "is born to be rich."

How much potency is supposed to reside in baptism may be seen from the very many superstitious notions connected with it. The omission of this rite is supposed to be attended with fatal results; and hence it is often performed as soon as possible after the birth of the child. As we have already stated, one reason is that unbaptized children are thought to be at the mercy of fairies, and subject to the influence of the Evil Eye. Another fancy is that, should a child die unchristened, it is destined either to flit restlessly around its parents' abode, or to wander in woods and lonely places, daily lamenting its hard fate. In Germany, unbaptized infants are said to be turned into that delusive meteor known as the will-o'-the-wisp, and ceaselessly to hover between heaven and earth. In Scotland it is said to be unlucky to give the child any name until after baptism; and even nowadays in many country places a child is invariably called by the name of the saint on whose festival it may happen to have been born; any omission of this practice being supposed to bring ill consequences. Hence not unfrequently children are found with very strange names.

It is a very common notion that a child does not thrive until baptized, and in cases of illness the clergyman is, perhaps, more frequently sent for by the poor from a belief in the physical virtue of the rite itself, rather than from any actual conviction of its religious importance. It is considered a good omen for a child to cry at its baptism, as otherwise it shows that the baby is too good to live. Martin, in his "History of St. Kilda," tells us that it was customary for the inhabitants always to baptize their children on a Saturday, from a superstitious notion that if this ceremony were observed on another day they would die. An odd idea prevails in Norfolk, that when there are girls and boys to be baptized, the boy must come first, or else the girl will have a beard. In Scotland, when a baby was carried to church to be baptized, it was considered important that the nurse appointed for this purpose should be known to be lucky. She generally took with her a piece of bread and cheese, which she presented to the first person she met—this representing a gift from the baby. If the party readily accepted and ate the proffered present, it was a good omen; but if refused, it was considered tantamount to wishing evil to the child; and in after life if any misfortune befel the child it was invariably associated with this circumstance. Brand tells us it was formerly the custom at Christening entertainments "for the guests not only to eat as much as they pleased, but also for the ladies to carry away as much as they liked in their pockets." Stow, in his "Survey of London," gives an account of the great christenings in 1561 and 1562. After the first was "a splendid banquet at home," and the other, he said, "was concluded with a great banquet consisting of wafers and hypocras,

* "Folk-lore Record," i., 44.

French, Gascoign, and Rhenish wines, with great plenty, and all their servants had a banquet in the hall with divers dishes." At the christening entertainments of the poorer classes in the Northern and Midland counties it was customary for the guests to make a collection among themselves to defray the expenses, which oftentimes amounted to a good sum. It was anciently the custom for the sponsors at baptism to present the children with spoons, commonly called Apostle Spoons, because the figures of the twelve apostles were carved on the tops of the handles. Rich sponsors gave twelve, and those in poorer circumstances gave as many as they could afford. It is in allusion to this custom that when Cranmer professes to be unworthy of being sponsor to the young princess, Shakespeare makes the king reply:—

"Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons."

Many of these spoons are still preserved in various museums, and are curious as relics of the past.

There are countless other items of folk-lore associated with this subject, which space, however, will not permit us to speak of—not to mention those found in foreign countries. Indeed, to enter fully into the customs and superstitions relating to birth and childhood would require a large volume instead of a few columns of a magazine. At the same time, those already briefly enumerated are good specimens of the extensive folk-lore that has clustered round the infancy of human life; and if oftentimes apparently meaningless to us, yet embody, it must be remembered, the beliefs and superstitions of our ancestors, who, if they were in our midst now, would, no doubt, be able to explain and account for what is often looked upon as childish fancy and so much nursery rubbish.

T. F. THISELTON DYER.

THE DARWINS:

GRANDFATHER, FATHER, AND SON; ERASMUS, ROBERT, AND CHARLES.

THE name Darwinism has become familiar to us in the present day as denoting a theory very popular among free-thinkers, and zealously espoused by some scientific men, expounded mainly by Mr. Charles Darwin, now himself a veteran of threescore years and ten, to explain afresh the origin of species. The name is not new, for Coleridge employed it to designate the similar theories of the grandfather, Dr. Erasmus Darwin, many years ago. "This," he wrote, in his notes upon Stillingfleet, "is *Darwinizing* with a vengeance."* Confronting the majestic statements of Genesis, "God created every living creature *after his kind*," "God created man in His own image," Darwin the grandfather and Darwin the grandson espouse the ancient doctrine, traceable in Anaximander and Lucretius, of natural evolution. Both appeal to the fact of the survival of the fittest, Erasmus assigning as its cause "directly the actions and requirements of the forms themselves, and indirectly changed outward conditions," and Charles attributing it to what he calls "natural selection." Younger men of science are now appealing from Darwin the grandson to Darwin the grandfather, as propounding a theory nearer the truth; and thus the names of both are prominently before us. Upon the question in dispute we do not enter; as believers in Revelation we rest assured that science will itself confirm the truth of Divine creation of species, Divine providence and design. Our purpose here simply is to acquaint our readers with the interesting history of the remarkable family, father, son, and grandson, whose names are thus before the public, and to discover the social and religious soil out of which these theories have afresh sprung up. In doing so we are much indebted to the writings of three ladies, Miss Seward, Mrs. Schimmelpenninck, and Miss Meteyard, together with a brief life of Erasmus Darwin compiled by Mr. Charles Darwin himself.

ERASMUS DARWIN, the grandfather, was born at Elston, near Newark, Nottinghamshire, on December 12th, 1731. He was sprung, we are told, of "a gouty family," members of which fought for Charles I, and were patronised by Charles II. His father adopted a metrical litany, one triplet of which, in seeking deliverance from sundry evils, ran thus:—

"From a morning that doth shine,
From a boy that drinketh wine,
From a wife that talketh Latine!"

Hence it is surmised that he was an advocate of temperance, and that his wife, the mother of Erasmus, was not a blue stocking. Erasmus in his boyhood was very fond of poetry, and very fond also of mechanics, and both tastes prevailed in him, and showed themselves to the end of his life. At ten years old he was sent to the Grammar School at Chesterfield, under the Rev. Mr. Burrows, and there he remained nine years, a long term of schooling, during which he had plenty of Latin and Greek drilled into him; for he speaks feelingly in after years against "those classical schools which not only overcome the struggling efforts of genius and bind his proteus forms till he speak the language they require, but divert his attention from the nice comparison of things with each other, and from associating the ideas of causes with their effects, and amuse him with the looser analogies, the vain verbal allusions which constitute the ornaments of poetry and of oratory."

He obtained a scholarship of £16 a year at St. John's, Cambridge, and afterwards studied medicine at Edinburgh. He attempted to begin practice as a physician at Nottingham, but in three months removed (November, 1756) to Lichfield, where, by successfully treating some important cases, he soon won an extensive practice, and married Mary Howard, aged 17, daughter of a respectable inhabitant of Lichfield, a superior and charming girl. By her he had three sons: Charles, a youth of high promise, who died in his twentieth year; Erasmus, a man of retiring disposition, a solicitor, who, in a fit of temporary insanity, committed suicide in his fortieth year; and Robert Waring, the father of the

* Coleridge's notes upon Stillingfleet were discovered by Mr. Richard Garnett, of the British Museum, and published by him in the "Athenæum" a few years ago.

present Mr. Charles Darwin. Their mother died, after a long and suffering illness, in 1770. In 1781 Dr. Erasmus Darwin married the widow of Colonel Pole, a brilliant accomplished lady with a jointure of £600 a year, and thereupon he removed to Derby, where, after many years' practice in his profession, and much literary labour, he died very suddenly in the year 1802, aged seventy-one years.

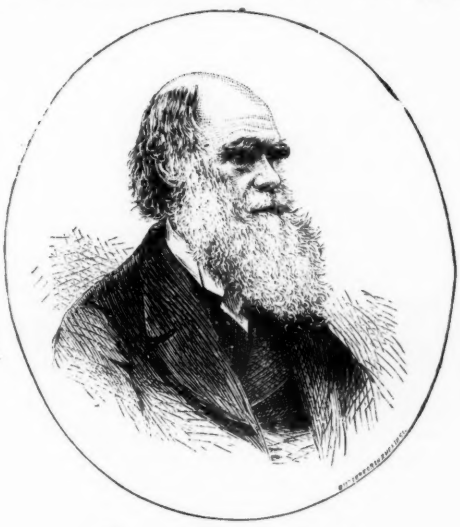
In person Dr. Erasmus Darwin was above the middle height; his form ponderous and inclined to corpulence; his features deeply pitted with the small-pox; his head half-buried in his shoulders, and covered with "a scratch wig and bobtail;" his eye sagacious, keen, and benevolent. From the loss of his teeth he looked much older than he was. He limped, owing to an injury of the knee when thrown from his carriage. He stammered extremely when he spoke, but what he said was well worth waiting for, for that uncouth exterior was the tabernacle of a powerful mind. A young man once asked him offensively whether he did not find stammering very inconvenient. He answered, "No, sir; it gives me time for reflection, and saves me from asking impertinent questions." He possessed great facility in explaining a difficult subject, and great felicity of expression with the pen.

Dr. Erasmus Darwin was usually in practice what is now called a teetotaler, and always expressed the strongest aversion to "vinous potations." During his life he almost banished wine from the tables of the rich of his acquaintance, and his influence and example sobered the town of Derby. This was forty years before total abstinence societies were heard of. He recommended "a total prohibition of the destructive manufacture of grain into spirits or strong ale, and thus converting the natural nutriment of mankind into a chemical poison, and thinning the ranks of society both by lessening the quantity of food and shortening their lives by disease." "Prometheus and the vulture gnawing his liver affords," he said, "an apt allegory for the effects of drinking spirituous liquors." He enjoyed uninterrupted health, which he attributed to his temperate mode of living.

But he had withal a strong belief in hearty eating "Eat or be eaten" was his motto. "Eat, eat, eat, as much as you can," was the frequent advice he gave. His horror of fermented liquors, and his belief in the advantages both of eating largely and eating abundance of sweet things, was known to all his friends. On one occasion, having sat at a table spread with fruits and creams for three hours, entertaining the company with his wit and his anecdotes, he expressed joy at hearing the dressing-bell, and hoped that dinner would soon be announced. In his carriage, called a sulky, because it carried only one—a curious machine of his own planning, with a skylight in the top, and a box before the occupant, containing knife, fork, and spoon, as well as writing materials—he carried on one side a pile of books, on the other a hamper of food, cream, and fruit, and behind a pail with hay and oats for the horse. Thus he was provisioned for the distant visits he had repeatedly to make, providing for man and beast with a bountiful hand. He had an extensive practice, and his carriage was so constantly going that a gentleman humorously directed a letter, "Dr. Darwin, Upon the road."

ERASMUS DARWIN.

[*After a Portrait by J. Rawlinson*, 1804.



C. Darwin

[*From Photograph by Elliott & Fry.*

Dr. Erasmus Darwin was an early riser, a hard worker, and owed as much to industry as to genius. In the earlier days of his professional life he gave lectures upon anatomy, as appears from the following singular advertisement: "Oct. 23, 1762. The body of the malefactor, who is ordered to be executed in Lichfield on Monday, the 25th inst., will afterwards be conveyed to the house of Dr. Darwin, who will begin a course of anatomical lectures at four o'clock on Tuesday evening, and continue them every day as long as the body can be preserved; and shall be glad to be favoured with the company of any who profess medicine or surgery, or whom the love of science may induce." Even in 1793, when his son urged him to leave off professional work, he replied, "It is a dangerous experiment, and generally ends in drunkenness or hypochondriacism. One must do something; and one may as well do something advantageous to oneself and friends or to mankind as

employ oneself in cards or other things equally insignificant."

He had a large correspondence with distinguished men, and his house in Lichfield was the intellectual centre of the Midland counties. Mr. Edgeworth, father of Maria Edgeworth; Josiah Wedgwood, the potter of Etruria; Day, the author of "Sandford and Merton;" James Watt, Bolton, Kerr, Small, and other notable men of those times, were among his steadfast friends through life. But he could never get on with the celebrated Dr. Johnson, who often visited Lichfield. Perhaps the two men were too like each other in self-assertion to get on well together, even if Johnson could have tolerated Darwin's principles and character.

In religion he appears to have been what is called a Theist, and he did not believe in Divine revelation. On the death of his father, when still young, he wrote "that there exists an *Ens entium* (a Being of beings) which formed these wonderful creatures is a mathematical demonstration. That He influences things by a particular providence is not so evident." He used often to say, "Man is an eating animal, a drinking animal, and a sleeping animal, and one placed in a material world which alone furnishes all the human animal can desire. He is gifted, besides, with knowing faculties, practically to explore and to apply the resources of this world to his use. These are realities. All else is nothing; conscience and sentiment are mere figments of the imagination."

This is Mrs. Schimmelpenninck's record, but she qualifies it with the remark that "many allow themselves to say colloquially what they would not fully sanction when in earnest." She says that Dr. Darwin's conversation was characterised by the merriment and so-called wit which aimed its perpetual shafts against those holy truths which afforded her the only comfort. To her cousin, his patient, Dr. Darwin said, "My dear madam, you have but one complaint; it is one ladies are very subject to, and it is the worst of all complaints, and that is having a conscience. Do get rid of it with all speed; few people have health or strength enough to keep such a luxury, for utility I cannot call it." "But, doctor, you will surely allow dear Priscilla to read religious books." To which the doctor replied, "My dear madam, toss them every one into the fire. I cannot permit one of them, excepting 'Quarles's Emblems,' which may make her laugh." One of the party expressing the hope that one day he would receive Christianity, he replied, "Before I do that you Christians must all be agreed. The other morning I received two parcels, one containing a work by Dr. Priestley, proving there is no spirit; the other, a work by Berkeley, proving there is no matter. What am I to believe amongst you all?" Coleridge styled Erasmus Darwin "Everything but Christian." That he believed in conscience, however, we infer from his noble lines on Slavery:—

> "Throned in the vaulted heart, his dread resort,
> Inexorable *conscience* holds his court,
> With still small voice the plots of guilt alarms,
> Bares his masked brow, his lifted hand disarms.
> But wrapped in might, his terrors all his own,
> He speaks in thunder when the deed is done.
> Hear him, ye senates! hear the truth sublime,
> He who allows oppression shares the crime."

He published an ode beginning thus:—

> "Dull Atheist, could a giddy dance
> Of atoms, lawless hurled,
> Construct so wonderful, so wise,
> So harmonised a world?"

And with reference to morality, he says, "The sacred maxims of the author of Christianity, 'Do as you would be done by,' and 'Love your neighbour as yourself,' include all our duties of benevolence and morality." Still, as his grandson, who naturally gives the most favourable account, himself allows, Dr. Erasmus Darwin did not believe in Revelation; nor did he feel much respect for Unitarianism, for he used to say that "Unitarianism was a feather-bed to catch a falling Christian."

Shrewdness, sympathy, and benevolence were striking features in Dr. Erasmus Darwin's character. He thought that almost all virtue consisted in benevolence. He once wrote thus wisely to his son: "The best way when any slander is told me, is never to make any piquant or angry answer, as the person who tells you what another says against you always tells them in return what you say of them. . . . Dr. Small always went and drank tea with those who he heard had spoken against him; and it is best to show a little attention at public assemblies to those who dislike one, and it generally conciliates them." While resident at Lichfield he never took fees of clergymen, and he diligently attended to the health of the poor. Having to see a patient at Newcastle during the races, he slept at an hotel, and in the night the door opened and a man came to his bedside and said, "I heard that you were here, but durst not come to speak to you during the day. I have never forgotten your kindness to my mother in her bad illness, but have not been able to show you my gratitude before. I now tell you to bet largely on a certain horse (naming one), and not on the favourite whom I am to ride, and *who we have settled is not to win.*" He afterwards saw in the newspaper that, to the astonishment of every one, the favourite had not won the race.

As Lord Chesterfield undertook to train his "son," Dr. Darwin guided the career of two "daughters," the Miss Parkers. He gave them a good education, established them in a school at Ashbourne, and wrote and published for their guidance a work entitled "A Plan for the Conduct of Female Education in Boarding Schools." He describes female education as consisting "in uniting health and agility of body with cheerfulness and activity of mind; in superadding graceful movements to the former, and agreeable tastes to the latter; in the acquirement of the rudiments of such arts and sciences as may amuse ourselves or gain us the esteem of others; with a strict attention to the culture of morality and religion." "The art of pleasing in conversation," he remarks, "consists in two things, one of them to hear well and the other to speak well."

In 1778 he purchased about eight acres of land near Lichfield, which he made into a botanic garden. Miss Seward, his biographer, wrote some lines upon the spot, which he liked so much that he said, "I shall send them to the periodical publications, but they ought to form the exordium of a great work. I will write the notes, you shall write the verse." This was the beginning of the "Botanic Garden," a poem in two books, published in 1781, which immediately became popular and famous. He sent Miss

Seward's verses to the "Gentleman's Magazine," and in her name, and afterwards incorporating them into the beginning of his poem "in compliment to the lady," he wrote both the poetry and the notes himself. The work was very popular for a time, and paid him well, but the famous parody by Canning, entitled "The Loves of the Triangles," suddenly caused its fame to collapse.

His next work was the strange medley of valuable facts and wild speculations, entitled "Zoonomia," published in 1794, which anticipates much in the writings of the French naturalist Lamarck. This is the work which contains an exposition of his views upon evolution and the origin of species. "Give me a fibre," he said, "susceptible of irritation, and I will make a tree, a dog, a horse, a man."

Robert Waring Darwin, third son of Dr. Erasmus Darwin by his first wife, was born at Lichfield on May 30th, 1766. He lost his mother when he was four years old, and his father acted towards him in his youth rather harshly and imperiously, and not always justly, the remembrance of which was never quite obliterated. We first hear of him in one of Josiah Wedgwood's letters, January, 1775: "I have two of Dr. Darwin's sons come to stay some days with me." And again, after his brother Charles's death, we find Robert styled "the young doctor," and as such invited over to Etruria to share with young John Wedgwood Waltire's private lessons in chemistry. "The boys," writes Wedgwood the potter, "drink in knowledge like water, with great avidity and quite to my satisfaction." Next we hear of him as a student at Edinburgh, where he took with honours his several degrees, and wrote with marked ability the necessary Latin thesis. Here he spent much of his time with the celebrated Dr. Black, of whose extreme simplicity of character and kindness of heart he often related anecdotes. He subsequently visited Paris, where he had familiar intercourse with the celebrated Benjamin Franklin, then in the height of his fame, and afterwards he travelled in Germany, and spent some time at the University of Leyden, where that polished scholar and eminent physician, Dr. Fryer, formed a close intimacy with him, and a lasting friendship subsisted between them.

In the year 1786 Robert settled down to a life-long practice as a physician in the ancient and picturesque town of Shrewsbury. Erasmus brought him to Shrewsbury before he was twenty-one years old, and left him £20, saying, "Let me know when you want more, and I will send it to you." His uncle also sent him £20, and this was the sole pecuniary aid he ever received. To a large portion (says Miss Seward) of his father's science and skill he joined all the ingenuous kindness of his mother's heart. His early abilities and their early *eclât* recompensed to his father a severe deprivation in the death of his son Charles. His practice during the first year allowed him to keep two horses and a man-servant. After he had been settled for only six months he had already between forty and fifty patients, and this was the more surprising because his professional rivals in the town were numerous, three physicians, six surgeons, and divers apothecaries. His father wishing his son to be an F.R.S., applied for aid to the elder Josiah Wedgwood, "It would be a feather in his cap, and might encourage him in philosophical pursuits." Robert wrote a paper upon "Ocular Spectra," in relation to some disorder which had attacked the elder Wedgwood's eyes, and this was said to be a clever production for the period. It was printed in the Royal Society's proceedings, and he was elected Fellow, chiefly through the influence of friends, in 1788.

In 1789 he wrote and published "An Appeal to the Faculty concerning the case of Mrs. Houlston," with reference to Dr. Withering, of Birmingham, who had been called in and supplanted him. The young Doctor Darwin's treatment, which his senior reversed, was considered by the profession to be right, and though the controversy was sharp, and his opponent a man of wide reputation, he seems to have had the best of it, and concludes his pamphlet by laughing at his opponent's pomposity and boasting.

His success was the more remarkable because for some time he detested the profession, and said that if he had been sure of gaining a hundred pounds a year in any other way he would never have practised as a doctor. Now, however, he was fairly and successfully at work; and he bought some fields on the Welsh side of the town, and built a plain and substantial family house, which, from its elevation, about a hundred feet above the River Severn, he named The Mount. It was close to Frankwell, one of the poorest parts of Shrewsbury, but the situation was exquisite in the extreme, and the view lovely. Here he spent the rest of his life.

In April, 1796, he married Susan, eldest daughter of the great English potter, Josiah Wedgwood, of Etruria. They had known each other from childhood, and their fathers had been as brothers. She brought him as fortune £25,000, but her higher fortune was a gentle sympathising nature. She entered zealously into all her husband's pursuits, and as he took almost as much interest as his father in botany and geology, their gardens and grounds became noted for the choicest shrubs and flowers. They petted and reared birds and animals; and the beauty, variety, and tameness of "The Mount pigeons," were well known in the town and beyond. When at home, his garden, greenhouse, and books afforded him never-failing pleasure and occupation, and all that was new and aggressive in literary thought found its way to The Mount.

Dr. Robert Darwin had an extraordinary memory for dates, and could tell the day of the birth, marriage, and death of most of the gentlemen of Shropshire. His spirits were generally high, and he was a good talker. One of his golden rules was never to become the friend of any one whom you could not thoroughly respect. Of all his qualities his sympathy was pre-eminent. He was quick to read character and to look a man through and through. He visited the poor without reward, and assisted them in other ways, sending fruit and vegetables, and in cases of sickness wine, to their homes. He occasionally made small loans to struggling tradesmen, and assisted them by giving work, and by recommending them to others.

After a long decline, his partner in life, Mrs. Darwin, died at The Mount, July 17, 1817, aged fifty-two years. Her remains lie in the chancel of the beautiful little church of Montford, four miles from Shrewsbury. After her death her daughters became their father's ministers, and aided him in all his labours. In the year 1823 he and they established the first infant-school in Shrewsbury, at the cost of about £300. It included a specially-erected schoolhouse in a squalid district by the Welsh Bridge, which

was furnished with the best apparatus for educational purposes.

For full fifty years his practice was wonderful. Like his father, he was always on the road. His small yellow carriage, within which, so exactly did it fit him, there was not an inch to spare, his two sleek horses, and his steady coachman, were to be seen everywhere. This, and his burly form and countenance, were known to every man, woman, and child over a wide extent of country. He was as much a feature of the town as the river, the abbey, and the schools. He always sat in his carriage as if carved in stone; unlike his father in this, that he was never reading, but with the same unimpassioned, mild, and thoughtful face inspiring confidence and respect. Dr. Erasmus Darwin was cast in a gigantic mould, but his son in a still greater. He stood more than six feet in height, his bulk was proportionate, and he became enormous as age increased. Like his father, he was a great feeder, eating a goose for his dinner as easily as other men do a partridge. In his latter days it was impossible for him to ascend or risk narrow staircases and rotten floors, and as both were common in the more ancient parts of Shrewsbury, a confidential servant was sent to make a survey beforehand.

In Dr. Robert Darwin the love of children was a striking feature. He would address them in his small, high-pitched voice, and occasionally lifting them on to a chair or table, he would measure their heads with his broad hand, as though reading character and mentally prognosticating their future fate. The writer of this sketch remembers well being taken by his father when a delicate child to Dr. Darwin's house to ask his advice. The kind doctor's prescription was, "You may have as many pies and puddings, apples and pears, as you can eat, and an egg every morning to your breakfast, but," he added, "you must eat the shell of it." This last proviso was not so palatable, still the prescription was for a long time obeyed to the letter, and the shell of every egg eaten up when the contents were finished. It was a quaint way of giving lime to make bone, and in keeping with the doctor's family motto, *E conchis omnia*. After this advice, when the child's father handed the usual guinea fee, Dr. Robert received it out of his right hand and put it back into his left with a pleasant laugh, saying, "Thank you, my friend."

He was often purchasing beautiful ware for his table from the works of his father-in-law Wedgwood; and so greatly did he feel the importance of making the mouth do its work before sending the food to the stomach, that he had a dinner-service made with the words printed round the border of each plate, "Masticate, denticate, chump, chew, and swallow." He also made a design for a nursery lamp for use in feeding children, which was manufactured in Etruria and had a large sale.

As to religion, he was, it would appear, like his father, a Theist. There was unhappily at that period little of true Christian life in the circles in which he moved. Still his religious opinions did not interfere with his practice, for his professional skill was universally felt and acknowledged, and in his private character, along with sagacity, he always evinced a winning benevolence and strong feelings of sympathy which made him widely beloved by poor and rich. Each day brought abundant work, and when it was got through and evening came, fatigue and drowsiness overpowered him. "Once on my remarking," says his son, "how greatly fatigued he seemed to be after his day's work, he answered, 'I inherit it from my father.'" At length when that long life's work was done—and it was a very long and hard one—his portly form vanished from the streets of Shrewsbury, and his remains were conveyed to the quiet resting-place at Montford, beside his favourite Severn. He died November 15th, 1848, aged eighty-two years. On the morning of his death, in the streets leading to his house, the lowest cottager had darkened his windows, and the children who morning after morning had left his house never empty-handed stood at their own doors weeping.

Charles Darwin, grandson of Erasmus, and son of Dr. Robert Waring Darwin, was born at Shrewsbury on February 12th, 1809. He attended the public grammar school at Shrewsbury for several years, under Dr. Butler, afterwards Bishop of Lichfield, and when sixteen years old he was sent to Edinburgh, where for two years he studied at the University, giving special attention to marine zoology. In 1828 he went to Christ College, Cambridge, and graduated B.A. in 1831, and M.A. in 1837. His hereditary aptitude for the study of natural science was early perceived by his instructors. The Rev. Mr. Henslow, Professor of Botany at Cambridge, recommended him to Captain Fitzroy and the Lords of the Admiralty, and in 1831, when a naturalist was wanted to accompany the second surveying expedition of H.M.S. Beagle in the Southern Seas, Mr. Darwin, having volunteered, was given the appointment. He served without salary, and partly paid his own expenses, on condition that he should have the entire disposal of his zoological and geological collections. On this long voyage, we are told, he was never able to overcome a tendency to sea-sickness, from which he suffered at times severely; but in spite of this drawback he persevered in his investigations. During the voyage, the greater part of the South American coast, the Pacific Islands, Australia, New Zealand, and the Mauritius were visited and examined. Before his return he was elected F.R.S. in 1834. He arrived in England October 2, 1836, and since then his entire life, so far as health has permitted, has been devoted to scientific researches. In 1839 a "Narrative of the Voyage of the Beagle" was published in three volumes, of which volume III, containing an account of the discoveries in natural history and geology, was contributed by Mr. Darwin. A second edition of this volume was published separately in 1845, entitled "The Voyage of a Naturalist." It is a most interesting and beautifully-written work. In 1839 Mr. Charles Darwin married Miss Emma Wedgwood, his cousin, the granddaughter of Josiah Wedgwood the potter, by whom he has a large family. He resided in London down to 1842, when he removed to his country house at Down, near Beckenham, Kent. Here he has led a quiet, retired, and uneventful life, pursuing his investigations with patient, persevering zeal, and under constant infirm health. Yet no scientific man has been so widely spoken of, owing to the important works which from time to time have issued from his pen. He is tall, bald-headed, with a fine beard and benevolent eye, but he is not corpulent like his father. In the year 1842 he published a work upon "The Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs." In 1844 appeared from his pen, "Geological Observations on Volcanic Islands;" and in 1846 "Geological Observations on

South America." After numerous papers on scientific subjects, there appeared, in 1851 and 1853, his two volumes upon "The Family Cirripedia;" and soon after two other volumes on the Fossil Species of the same class. In 1853 the Royal Society awarded to him the Royal medal, and in 1859 he received the Wollaston medal from the Geological Society.

Mr. Charles Darwin is best known by his work, published by Mr. Murray, entitled "The Origin of Species by means of Natural Selection; or, the Preservation of Favoured Races in the Struggle for Life." In the introduction he tells us, "After five years' work I allowed myself to speculate upon the subject (that mystery of mysteries, the Origin of Species), and drew up some short notes. These I enlarged in 1844 into a sketch of the conclusions which then seemed to me probable. From that period to the present day I have steadily pursued the same object. My work is now nearly finished; but as it will take me two or three more years to complete it, and as my health is far from strong, I have been urged to publish this abstract."

This work created considerable stir, not only in the scientific but in the religious world. It speedily passed through several editions, and was translated into most European languages. "Natural Selection" became either a watchword or a byword. Caricatures of monkeys and gorillas developing into men filled the comic prints, and magazines and reviews, quarterly and monthly, abounded in articles *pro* or *con* upon the work. By its champions the rejection of the fashionable theory was regarded with scorn as the mark of ignorance and bigotry; by some who rejected it on religious grounds its espousal was branded as Atheism. The investigations of some eminent men of science led them to reject the hypothesis of Mr. Darwin as unsupported by facts. In particular Mr. W. Carruthers, F.R.S., Keeper of the Botanic Collection in the British Museum, and President of the Geologists' Association, has published the results of many years' inquiry, and affirms that the whole evidence supplied by fossil plants is opposed to Mr. Darwin's hypothesis of genetic evolution. Mr. Darwin's popular work upon the "Origin of Species" was followed by a succession of works in its support—the "Fertilisation of Orchids" in 1862, "Variation of Plants and Animals under Domestication" in 1867, the "Descent of Man, and Selections in relation to Race" in 1871. This last-named book reveals fully the bearing of the theory upon morals and religion, man's moral nature as well as his intellect and physical form being explained as a natural outgrowth from his ape-like progenitors. Here Mr. Darwin's avowed purpose is to show that man is certainly descended from some ape-like creature, and this not only as to his body, but as to his mind, conscience, and emotion. "In a series of forms graduating insensibly from some ape-like creature to man as he now exists, it would be impossible to fix on any definite point when the term 'man' ought to be used. But this is a matter of very little importance." "The so-called moral sense is aboriginally derived from the social instincts," which must have been acquired even by his early ape-like progenitors. To turn from this book of Mr. Darwin's to the Bible declarations concerning man in Genesis, Job, or the Psalms, is like passing out from the sickening air of a menagerie to a clear mountain top with its bracing breezes.

The large and varied crop of publications which Mr. Charles Darwin's theory has evoked is surprising, and in some respects amusing. The mere list of these books in the British Museum catalogue occupies forty folio pages, and includes a hundred and fifty different works. The titles of some of these may suffice to indicate their tone and tenour. "What is Darwinism?" by Dr. Hodge; "Moses, not Darwin," by B. G. Johns; "Darwinism refuted," by Laing; "Homo *versus* Darwin," by W. P. Lyon; MacCann's "Anti-Darwinism;" "Darwinism brought to Book;" "Difficulties of Darwinism," by the Rev. F. O. Morris; and many others.

Thus made notorious in the publications of the day, Mr. Charles Darwin has also been loaded with badges of honour by various scientific societies. He has been created a knight of the order *Pour le Mérite* by the Prussian Government, and in January, 1874, a Corresponding Member of the Academy of Vienna. The University of Leyden conferred upon him the honorary degree of M.D. in February, 1875, and the University of Cambridge gave him the honorary degree of LL.D. on November 17th, 1877. He was elected a Corresponding Member of the French Academy of Sciences in August, 1878.

As to religion, it must be noted that Mr. Charles Darwin speaks of the "ennobling belief in the existence of an Omnipotent God," but affirms that "the idea of a universal and beneficent Creator does not seem to arise in the mind of man until he has been elevated by long-continued culture." The question, however, whether it does or not, he reminds us is "wholly distinct from that higher one, whether there exists a Creator and Ruler of the universe; this," he continues, "has been answered in the affirmative by some of the highest intellects that have ever existed." The work upon the Origin of Species itself concludes with the observation, "There is a grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one."

In his brief memoir of his grandfather, moreover, Mr. Charles Darwin indignantly repels the surmise that Dr. Erasmus was an Atheist; and this, together with other observations scattered through his works, fairly shows that he moves in religious belief upon much the same lines as his father and grandfather. The expression "Natural Selection," which he has introduced in preference to "Survival of the Fittest," does not exclude belief in a Divine Creator, Designer, and Sustainer of all.* It may be employed to denote, not a *cause*, but a *law* according to which He works. For instance, the astronomer who understands the law of attraction regulating the movements of the heavenly bodies, need not reject, he may adopt, and may feel more fully and deeply than the devout but unlettered shepherd could, the truth and beauty of the psalmist's words, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handiwork." And in like manner the naturalist, who believes that he can trace the working of a simple and general law of selection in the vegetable and animal kingdom, need not of necessity reject, but may, with intelligence and reverence deeper far, take up the same inspired psalmist's words, "Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord. I will praise Thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made: marvellous are Thy works, and that my soul knoweth right well."

* This does not, however, go beyond a mere natural religion. Hugh Miller, in reviewing the kindred views of Lamarck, has shown them to be incompatible with revealed religion.—ED. L. H.

ARITHMETICAL SQUARES.

THE "Fifteen Puzzle" has again directed attention to the so-called "Arithmetical Squares." The subject is a very old one. A learned volume, "Die Propaedeutik der Araber," by Dr. Friedrich Dieterici, of the University of Berlin, which informs us of the arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, geography, and music of the Arabs in the tenth century, gives the magic squares of 3^2, 4^2, 5^2, and 6^2, as known to them, and states that 7^2, 8^2, and 9^2, were treated in the like manner. These four squares (combining arithmetic and geometry) are:—

2	7	6
9	5	1
4	3	8

4	14	15	1
9	7	6	12
5	11	10	8
16	2	3	13

21	3	4	12	25
15	17	6	19	8
10	24	13	2	16
18	7	20	9	11
1	14	22	23	5

11	22	32	5	23	18
25	16	7	30	13	20
27	6	35	36	4	3
10	31	1	2	28	34
14	19	8	29	26	15
4	17	28	9	12	21

In the Arabic manuscript is also a reference to the usefulness of the square of 1 to 81, and then there follows a description of the movements of the pieces in the game of Chess.

The papers which we published last year ("Leisure Hour," pp. 255 and 414), have brought us many letters, with suggestions and additional specimens, but we can give now only the following supplementary notes, and must not again return to the subject.

D. P., of Brechin, says:

I forward a plan whereby the 64 numbers can be so arranged that the sums of each row, horizontal, perpendicular, and diagonal, shall amount to 260.

First, having made three squares of 64 compartments, place the first 8 units in the first row, in any order, providing only that each pair of squares, equidistant from the middle, shall amount to 9; in the second row reverse the order; in the third repeat the first; in the fourth repeat the second; in the fifth repeat the fourth; and then continue the alternation to the close (see first square). Secondly, take the multiples of 8, beginning with 0; as 0, 8, 16, 24, 32, 40, 48, 56. Arrange these in the first perpendicular row of the second square, so that each pair equidistant from the middle shall amount to 56. Then follow the same order of alternating and repeating towards the right as was followed downward in the first (see second square). Lastly, add together the numbers in the corresponding compartments of the two former squares, and the problem is solved (see third square).

1st.

2	4	3	1	8	6	5	7
7	5	6	8	1	3	4	2
2	4	3	1	8	6	5	7
7	5	6	8	1	3	4	2
7	5	6	8	1	3	4	2
2	4	3	1	8	6	5	7
7	5	6	8	1	3	4	2
2	4	3	1	8	6	5	7

2nd.

8	48	8	48	48	8	48	8
24	32	24	32	32	24	32	24
16	40	16	40	40	16	40	16
0	56	0	56	56	0	56	0
56	0	56	0	0	56	0	56
40	16	40	16	16	40	16	40
32	24	32	24	24	32	24	32
48	8	48	8	8	48	8	48

3rd, completed square.

10	52	11	49	56	14	53	15
31	37	30	40	33	27	36	26
18	44	19	41	48	22	45	23
7	61	6	64	57	3	60	2
63	5	62	8	1	59	4	58
42	20	43	17	24	46	21	47
39	29	38	32	25	35	28	34
50	12	51	9	16	54	13	55

The old method for *uneven* numbers shall be shown here for $7^2 = 49$; it holds good for all others: $3^2 = 9$, $5^2 = 25$, $9^2 = 81$, $11^2 = 121$, $13^2 = 169$, $15^2 = 225$, etc.

22	47	16	41	10	35	4	
5	23	48	17	42	11	29	5
30	6	24	49	18	36	12	
13	31	7	25	43	19	37	13
38	14	32	1	26	44	20	
21	39	8	33	2	27	45	
46	15	40	9	34	3	28	
22		16		10		4	

Write the middle number, $\frac{1+49}{2} = 25$ in the centre; the smallest, which is 1, under it; fill up the diagonal down to the right; carry 4 to the top; continue in the diagonal as before; carry 5 to the left; fill up the diagonal; after 7 go two squares down; from 8 to 10 again the diagonal; carry 10 again to the top, and so on; 22 is carried to the top; after 28 go two steps down, which is the square under the right top corner, under 4.

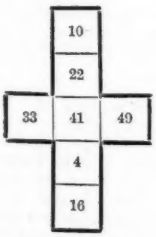
The following are from Wm. Jeffrey, of Belfast:

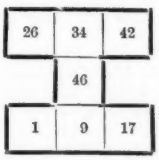
Square 1 to 49—to add to 175.

14	15	23	31	39	47	6
26	34	42	43	2	10	18
38	46	5	13	21	22	30
1	9	17	25	33	41	49
20	28	29	37	45	4	12
32	40	48	7	8	16	24
44	3	11	19	27	35	36

Any seven numbers in a straight row add to 175.
Any diagonal line containing less than seven numbers, will, if added to the seventh parallel line, amount to 175.

Any of the fifteen standing crosses of seven numbers each, and any of the fifteen groups resembling a letter H, thrown on one side, will add 175; for example:—





The table is radiant; any three pairs of opposite numbers added to the centre number amount to 175.

Among the nine circles around the centre there are six of four numbers which add 100, and three of eight numbers which add 200 each.

Notice that the numbers 1, 9, 17, 25, 33, 41, 49 in the central horizontal line are progressive by 8; and so they are in the following diagram progressive by 10 from 1 to 81.

Square 1 to 81—to add to 369. Table No. 4.

77	60	67	26	9	16	47	30	37
20	3	10	50	33	40	80	63	70
53	36	43	74	57	64	23	6	13
58	68	78	7	17	27	28	38	48
1	11	21	31	41	51	61	71	81
34	44	54	55	65	75	4	14	24
69	76	59	18	25	8	39	46	29
12	19	2	42	49	32	72	79	62
45	52	35	66	73	56	15	22	5

Any nine numbers in a straight row will add 369.
Any diagonal line containing less than nine numbers will, if added to the ninth parallel line, amount to 369.
Any square group of nine numbers add 369.
The table is radiant; any four pairs of opposite numbers added to the centre number amount to 369.

Sequence 1 to 144—to add 870.

2	144	45	99	6	140	41	103	10	136	37	107
71	73	28	118	67	77	32	114	63	81	36	110
100	46	143	1	104	42	139	5	108	38	135	9
117	27	74	72	112	31	78	68	109	35	82	64
14	132	57	87	18	128	53	91	22	124	49	95
59	85	16	130	55	89	20	126	51	93	24	122
88	58	131	13	92	54	127	17	96	50	123	21
129	15	86	60	125	19	90	56	121	23	94	52
26	120	69	75	30	116	65	79	34	112	61	83
47	97	4	142	43	101	8	138	39	105	12	134
76	70	119	25	80	66	115	29	84	62	111	33
141	3	98	48	137	7	102	44	133	11	106	40

Each of the twenty-six straight lines which contain twelve numbers will add 870.

Any diagonal line added to its twelfth parallel line will amount to 870. Twenty-two such combinations can be formed.

Forty-nine diagonal crosses containing twelve numbers can be formed, and each add 870.

Eighty-one groups which will add 870 can be arranged thus: 144, 45, 71, 73, 28, 118, 100, 46, 143, 1, 27, 74.

Eighty-one square circular lines of twelve numbers can be formed, each of which will add 870, one of the lines being 2, 144, 45, 99, 118, 1, 72, 74, 27, 117, 100, 71.

There are one hundred and twenty-one groups of four numbers standing together, and any three of such groups will add 870.

A simple method for the construction of a square of eights is suggested by H. A., and also by R. S., of London. The transposition by which they complete their square will be best seen by a comparison of the two below. First write the numbers 1 to 64 in their natural order, distinguishing the alternate figures in the several quarters, as marked.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32
33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40
41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48
49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56
57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64

Now compare the square as transposed:—

1	63	3	61	60	6	58	8
56	10	54	12	13	51	15	49
17	47	19	45	44	22	42	24
40	26	38	28	29	35	31	33
32	34	30	36	37	27	39	25
41	23	43	21	20	46	18	48
16	50	14	52	53	11	55	9
57	7	59	5	4	62	2	64

A. T. S. sends this simple arrangement:—

1	2	3	4	61	62	63	64
60	59	58	57	8	7	6	5
56	55	54	53	12	11	10	9
13	14	15	16	49	50	51	52
17	18	19	20	45	46	47	48
44	43	42	41	24	23	22	21
40	39	38	37	28	27	26	25
29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36

A correspondent in the "English Mechanic" of September 8, 1876 (vol. xxiii. p. 669), gave this:

"Write the numbers in a natural square—that is, in their arithmetical order. In the middle of this square rule out a square of four numbers in a side, and produce the lines to cut off the corners of the square. The numbers thus cut off in the middle and at the corners of the natural squares remain the same in the magic squares. Each of the other numbers change places with what may be called its complement—that is, the number exactly opposite to it, and which, together with it, makes up $65 = n^2 + 1$. Thus:—

1	2	62	61	60	59	7	8
9	10	54	53	52	51	15	16
48	47	19	20	21	22	42	41
40	39	27	28	29	30	34	33
32	31	35	36	37	38	26	25
24	23	43	44	45	46	18	17
49	50	14	13	12	11	55	56
57	58	6	5	4	3	63	64

Varieties.

FRESH AIR.—Dr. Robert Darwin, son of the celebrated Erasmus Darwin, and father of the equally celebrated Charles Darwin, was a strong advocate for plenty of fresh air. To a young man who consulted him before emigrating to America, the doctor said, "When in Paris many years ago, I one day met in the street the celebrated Benjamin Franklin, and he said to me, 'People have been a thousand years finding out that fresh air is good for the sick. They will be another thousand finding out that it is good for those in health.' Now," said Dr. R. Darwin to the young man, "my advice is, when you go to America, *sleep with your window open.*" The advice may be excellent in some circumstances, but might be disastrous in others.

VALUE OF LAND IN LONDON.—At a recent sale by direction of the First Commissioner of her Majesty's Works, premises in Seething Lane, Tower Street, were sold by auction at the Mart at £4 17s. 4d. per square foot, or at the rate of £211,992 per acre. There were also sold, by direction of the Court of Chancery, ten freehold houses in Ely Place, Holborn, occupying together about 13,412 feet, all with vacant possession, the leases granted ninety-nine years ago having expired. The total amount of sale was £34,570, being at the rate of £2 11s. 6d. per square foot, equal to £112,167 per acre.

ROUND THE WORLD IN SEVENTY-FIVE DAYS.—Mr. Ismay, senior partner in the firm of Ismay, Imrie, and Co., proprietors of the White Star Line of European steamships, recently arrived in New York, with his wife and family, after an extraordinary voyage. Leaving Liverpool on the 13th of March last in the steamship Oceanic, they successively visited Suez, Point de Galle, Singapore, Hongkong, Canton, Shanghai, and Yokohama. The last-named port they left on June 6 for San Francisco. When they arrived at New York they had travelled 22,320 miles. The time occupied in making this journey, exclusive of stoppages at different points visited, was 66 days. Allowing nine days in which to complete the return to Liverpool, the trip could be accomplished in 75 days, or five days less than the celebrated journey described in M. Jules Verne's well-known story, "Around the World in Eighty Days."

SEEING GEORGE OFF.—A correspondent of the "Leisure Hour" in Philadelphia says: "All our folks have been immensely amused at a friend of ours, who promised to see a companion off in June for his summer trip to Europe. He not merely went on board, but crossed over in the Indiana to Liverpool, and returned in the same steamer home. And when asked why he did not go to see London, and stay a little time in England, he said, 'I don't like travelling, I only went to see George off.' He is a man of leisure and of large means, but something like myself, too lazy to travel."